

THE
IMPOSTORS:

A
COMEDY.

PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE.

BY
RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq;

THE THIRD EDITION.

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P R O L O G U E,

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

THE Comic Muse, tho' privileg'd to wear
A mask on her own face, strips others bare,
And whilst she gives all nature to your view,
Shall not her mirror shew th' Impostor too?
For tho' most knaves, in this ingenious age,
Out-trick the law, we trap them on the stage:
But then some poets make their knaves so witty,
That when they pluck their vizors off, you pity.
Now, that's a fault of poets dead and gone,
Our bard has kept his conscience clear for one;
Indulge his knave in a few roguish sallies.
To call him witty, wou'd be down downright malice;
His bitterest enemies, with all their railing,
Are well dispos'd t' acquit him of that failing.

Time was indeed, but that good time is past,
When novelties did not grow old so fast;
Woe to the piece, tho' at first sight 'twere striking,
If second sight steps in and mars your liking!
Like a new face, it glitters for a day,
All run, crowd, follow, stare—and turn away.
Love hath it's honey-moon, but, that once o'er,
From sweet to flat, from flat it turns to sour;
Cross follows cool, as cool succeeds to civil,
My duck! my darling! once, and then—My devil!
Ev'n Wit's fine edge is dull'd by too much wearing,
And truths twice told will tire us in the bearing;
The Orator, that tries his lungs too often,
Will set the lungs of other men a coughing;
No sooner up, than strait all parties join
In one unanimous resolve—to dine;
The lessening senate melts away by drops,
And metaphors are left for mutton-chops.

How then? If novelties be so uncertain,
Sad news for our old friend behind the curtain,
Whose Muse hath push'd her belicon about
So quick, we almost fear the tap is out:
If truth, wit, eloquence are but a jest,
How shou'd a mere Impostor stand the test?

I'll give the Bramble's answer to the Oak,
Small sticks will blaze, when great one's only smoke.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

M E N.

<i>Sir Solomon Sapient,</i>	-	-	Mr. Baddeley.
<i>Captain George Sapient,</i>	-	-	Mr. Aicken.
<i>Sir Charles Freemantle,</i>	-	-	Mr. Barrymore,
<i>Lord Janus,</i>	-	-	Mr. Palmer.
<i>Polycarp,</i>	-	-	Mr. Wroughton.
<i>Oliver,</i>	-	-	Mr. Suett.
<i>Philibert,</i>	-	-	Mr. Lamash,

W O M E N.

<i>Eleanor,</i>	-	-	Mrs. Jordan.
<i>Mrs. Dorothy,</i>	-	-	Miss Pope.

THE
IMPOSTORS,
A
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ACT I.

A Saloon in Sir Solomon's House,

Sir Solomon Sapient and Captain George Sapient meeting.

GEORGE.

GOOD morning to you, brother.

Sir Sol. Most valorous and renowned captain, me your hand. How fares it, my brave fellow?

George. I am glad to see you so merry, brother Solomon.

Sir Sol. Merry and wise too, or I have that name for nothing. I warrant now you have had your turn upon the terrace, pacing up and down to the measure of your old quarter-deck—isn't it so?

George. Aye, aye, habit is every thing. Is your noble guest the Viscount Janus stirring yet?

Sir Sol. Not yet, not yet: I am waiting here to give his lordship the good morning.

George. Then you mustn't wait much longer let me tell you, or it will be mid-day before his morning's begun: give him a good rowze instead of it, and pipe all hands to breakfast.

Sir Sol. What kind of manners wou'd that be, friend George? We must have no rowzing nor piping here; no such sea-noises with a nobleman of his high birth and breeding. Where are all my fellows? Where is Oliver?

OLIVER enters.

Oliver. Here am I, your worship; here is Oliver.

Sir Sol. And a precious Hottentot you have made of yourself: Is that a trim to wait upon a lord in? Go, get you gone, you lazy whelp, and let me see you in your new livery; slip on your other skin, and then present my compliments to Lord Janus, and beg to know how he has rested.

George. Chearly, my good fellow! dowse your foul-weather flag, and hoist your holidays colours in honor of the occasion.

Oliver. Well, if it must be so, it must, your worship; but I'd as soon be set in the pillory as foisted into that new-fangled doublet.

[going,

Sir Sol. And hark ye, Sir, a word with you—Let me here no more of your worship; leave off your quarter-sessions cant, and speak to me in a language such as well-bred ears are us'd to.

Oliver. As how forsooth?

Sir Sol. This it is: when you speak of me, let be by my proper stile and title, Sir Solomon Sapient; when you speak to me, simple Sir Solomon will suffice.

Oliver. Simple Sir Solomon, it shall suffice.

[Exit Oliver.

Sir Sol. The Czay Peter was not more plagu'd to trim the beards and whiskers of his Muscovites, than I to trim these clod-pated bumpkins out of their long skirts and pudding-cuffs.

George. And after all do you think 'em worth the pains? Surely my friend Oliver is at least a match for Monsieur Philibert, the little ugly Jew-like fellow, that calls himself Lord Janus's valet-de-chambre. His lordship's suite is not very splendid.

Sir Sol. That's true, George; you say true: Lord Janus does not affect pomp; he travels as 't were incognito. His lordship at this distance from the capital may be liken'd to a comet in the extremity of its orbit, when he approaches to the point of his attraction he will send forth a shining and a brilliant train: Lord Janus is a man of speculation and enquiry.

George. And shou'dn't you be a man of enquiry too, brother Solomon?

Sir Sol. And where wou'd your wisdom send me to enquire? Of Collin's Peerage? I have his pedigree by heart; I can trace him from the heptarchy, his very title of Janus proves circumspection of his ancestors; 'tis as much as to say they had all their eyes about 'em: his armorial bearings are typical of sagacity; two vizors in a wreath of serpents: his supporters are an allegory; on the dexter side a fox, denoting cunning; on the sinister a goose, which is the emblem of wariness.

George. I wish you wou'd take a lesson from that wary goose.

Sir Sol. I shall take a lesson from no goose, nor go to one for counsel, so pr'ythee spare your pains in advising me; why will you concern yourself in a business, that is out of your line? why will you be thrusting in your oar?

George. 'Twou'd not be the first I've handled by a pretty many, if I did.

Sir Sol. Then keep to your element, dear George, keep to your element, the boisterous ocean: you have not made human nature your study; you have not been in the world as I have.

George. I have been round it, brother.

Sir Sol. Aye, there's the case, you have peel'd the orange, but not tasted the fruit. I am the man, the happy man, who when I first set eyes upon this noble peer, intuitively develop'd all the latent virtues of his heart;

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and now you shall know, George, that I expect his lordship to propose for Eleanor out of hand.

George. I don't doubt it.

Sir Sol. And why don't you doubt it?

George. Because my niece will have a fine fortune, and what is more is a very fine girl.

Sir Sol. Hush! here comes Monsieur Philibert.

PHILIBERT enters.

Phil. Ah! bonjour, gentlemen bote! I have de honor to wish you de very goot morning; to my noble patron premierement, and to Monsieur le Capitaine also.

Sir Sol. Good day to you Monsieur Philibert: I hope your noble lord and master rested well last night.

Phil. I tank you; Grace a Diéu, he has slept like a little pig; he make you very many bailemains, and demand ten tousand pardon, for dat he is occupee with one gentleman, who is just arrive de Londres with beaucoup d'affaires for him and papiers, ma foi, plus interrassantes.

Sir Sol. Who is the gentleman, may I ask?

Phil. Ah! he is very great man to mi lor, he is all in all to my lor, his avocat, his what d'ye call it, his homme d'affaires, his Monsieur, Monsieur—(peste!) Ah! je comprends—Monsieur Polycarp—Mais, voila! mi lor, soi meme—Ah! je suis ravi, he is habilie to a merveil.

[*Lord Janus runs in and embraces Sir Solomon.*]

L. Janus. My dear Sir Solomon, I have broke from business to embrace you, and apologize for the intrusion I have made upon your morning hours by the sudden arrival of my friend and agent Mr. Polycarp, a very necessary man to my affairs.

Sir Sol. My lord, my lord, I pray you no apology to me: shan't I have the honour of seeing the gentleman?

L. Janus. Your politeness overpowers me: Mr. Polycarp is a most excellent man, unwearied in his attentions to my interest; he is in fact my right hand, a very trusty person and a true friend.

Sir Sol. Good my lord, any friend of yours must be welcome here: I pray you make my poor house your own. Won't you be pleas'd to send for the gentleman; or shall I attend upon him?

L. Janus. By no means—Philibert, écoutez ! Go to Mr. Polycarp, and tell him, I shall have the honour of presenting him to Sir Solomon.

Phil. I go, mi lor.

[*Exit.*]

L. Janus. Worthy Captain Sapien, I kiss your hands: I protest I did not see you.

George. My lord your very humble servant—If you are upon business I beg I may retire.

L. Janus. I humbly entreat you will not ; I flatter myself you will stay and be my advocate with your lovely niece, when I have Sir Solomon's permission to cast myself at her feet.

Sir Sol. I fancy your lordship will want no advocate there.

L. Janus. It transports me with joy to hear you say so—The arrival of this gentleman is most opportune for my wishes, he is perfectly confidential, and will satisfy you in all particulars.

Sir Sol. My lord, this conduct is truly noble and explicit, and be assur'd your lordship's alliance cannot fail to reflect the greatest honor and happiness upon me and my family.—This is the gentleman, I presume.

Polycarp enters, follow'd by Phillibert carrying two red trunks for papers, &c.

L. Janus. This is my friend Polycarp, Sir Solomon.—Mr. Polycarp, I have now the pleasure of making you known to my honor'd host Sir Solomon Sapien, a gentleman from whom I look to derive all my future happiness in life : This, Sir, is the brave Captain Sapien, brother of Sir Solomon, a name that does honor to the naval annals of Old England.

Polyc. I honor both the one and the other as I do the mirror of wisdom and the soul of valor [*bowing to each alternately.*]—Sir Solomon, I blush to say I must begin my acquaintance by requesting a favor of you. Here are two trunks belonging to my noble client ; their contents most valuable and important ; I request a safe deposit for them in your strong box or closet : we can never be too careful of the property of our employers.

L. Janus. That is so like your methodical formality, friend Polycarp; I dare say there's nothing in 'em but some fusty parchments.

Polyc. I don't know how fusty they may be, but I know they are good for ten thousand a-year.

Sir Sol. If they were ten times ten they shall be forthcoming, Brother George, have the goodness to put them in my iron chest in the audit chamber; here is the key. [*gives it to the Captain.*]

L. Janus. Pardon me, Sir Solomon, I cannot think of Captain Sapien being troubled with such lumber.

George. Not at all, my lord, no trouble at all. I'll stow 'em away safe never fear.

[*Exit with the boxes.*]

Polyc. And if you take 'em for your pains you'll have no prize. [*Aside.*]

L. Janus. Seriously, Mr. Polycarp, this is being too punctilious, as if they wou'd not be safe enough any where in this house.

Polyc. I hope this house will have an interest in them by and by, my lord; at present you must let me take my own way.

L. Janus. Well, well, be it so! I hope they contain wherewithal to furnish a good jointure for the loveliest of women, and for a clear title and a clean property I trust my deeds may vie with any man's, as Mr. Polycarp can witness.

Polyc. Yes, truly, were all men's deeds like your lordship's, there would be little employ for the conveyancers. — The hangman's office would have all the custom. [*Aside.*]

L. Janus. And now, my good Sir Solomon, a truce to business; let us attend upon the ladies at their dejeuner.

Sir Sol. With all my heart: Who waits.

OLIVER enters newly equipt.

Oliver. Your worship — hold, there I'm out again; simple Sir Solomon will serve for this turn) what are your commands?

Sir Sol. Oliver, where is my cousin Dorothy and my daughter Eleanor?

Oliver. Madam Dorothy, so please you, is expecting you at the breakfast table, and under favour the good lady fumes as furiously as the tea-kettle; she is cruelly out of patience: Miss Eleanor is not yet come in from her ride.

Sir Sol. So we go on in the country, Mr. Polycarp, fresh air and wholesome exercise, a gallop on the downs before breakfast, and a plunge into the cold bath for a bracer; this is our regimen; these are the only beauty washes we make use of.

Polyc. No wonder my noble patron here cannot stand the battery, when his fair assailant keeps her artillery in such order.

T. Janus. Ah! Polycarp, when you behold the charmer —

Polyc. I do behold a charmer.

[to Mrs. Dorothy as she enters.

Mrs. Dorothy enters, as Polycarp is speaking, and curtsies to him.

Sir Sol. No, no, Mr. Polycarp, this is only cousin Dorothy.

Oliver. Lord love your heart, this is not our Miss.

Dor. Silence, ruffian! [to Oliver angrily.

Phil. Aye, aye, taisez vous, Monsieur Olivier, taisez vous. [apart to Oliver.

Oliver. Not I, I have no desire to *tasse*.

L. Janus. Permit me, lady fair, to present to you my friend Mr. Polycarp, a bachelor and a very great practitioner I assure you; Mr. Polycarp's is a name well known at the bar.

Polyc. Yes, Madam, I may boast of having made some little figure there in my time.

Mrs. Dor. Your good breeding will intitle you to figure any where —

Polyc. With so fair an advocate to recommend me.

Mrs. Dor. In politer courts than those of Westminster-Hall.

Polyc. In the chamber of the ladies I should be most proud to be a counsellor.

Mrs. Dor. Your good address, Sir, cannot fail to recommend you to the good graces of the ladies.

Polyc. There is one I must confess I am interested to be known in the most favourable light.

Mrs. Dor. The lady must stand greatly in her own light, who does not favor so much modesty and refinement of behaviour. Shall I have the honor to shew you the way to the breakfast room?

Polyc. Gratify me in the mean time with the felicity of your fair hand.

(*Hands her out with much ceremony.*)

[*Exeunt Polycarp and Mrs. Dorothy.*]

Sir Sol. Upon my word, Lord Janus, this friend of yours is a man of great gallantry.

L. Janus. The veriest Philander in nature: Allons! let us follow. [Exit with Sir Sol.]

Phil. He bien! Monsieur Olivier, what you tink of all dis? will your young lady marry mi lor?

Olivier. That's hereafter as it may be, Mounseer.

Phil. As it may be? she may be one very happy woman with mi lor.

Olivier. So his worship seems to think.

Phil. Ah! his worship is very wise man indeet to tink so; he have all de sageesse of king Salomon himself; and upon my vort his vorship make very pretty liverie for de matrimonie of his daughter.

Olivier. Yes, and methinks 'tis not unlike matrimony, for it sticks plaguy close to a man; when a body's once in it, there's no getting out of it: mark how these two flappets fly asunder! there's more matrimony for you; man and wife can't quarrel with a better will.

Phil. Aye, aye, 'tis in de last cut of the fashion.

Olivier. I wish it may prove the last, for I never desire to wear such another.

Phil. Pardon me, you wear it very well.—Turn yourself about, mon ami, let-a-me look of you behint. Ah! dat is pretty well—Encore! atother side, turn yourself again.—He bien! without flattery, mon cher Olivier, you have great deal of de bonne grace.

Oliv. Zooks ! a man shou'd have nothing but *bones* to be ramm'd into this jacket ; I warrant there is not more cloth upon my back than wou'd serve to cover a christening pincushion.

Phil. Well, well, be content ; 'tis made to shew your shapes.

Oliver. Very likely ; there's nothing thrown away but the labor.

Phil. Morbleu ! here is mi lor again — Allons, mon ami, let us be gone. [*Exeunt.*]

Lord Janus and Polycarp enter.

L. Janus. Too much, too much—by my soul, Jack, I I cannot stand it ; let me have some breath or I shall burst.

Polyc. The old girl swallows the bait glibly, does she not ?

L. Janus. No wonder when you butter it so unmercifully ; how is it you can keep your countenance ?

Polyc. Ask rather how my countenance keeps me ; I owe it many a good turn at a hard pinch, and now methinks 'tis high time to marry and be honest.

L. Janus. Hold there, friend Jack ! if we are both to play the same game, he that's first up may chance to spoil the other's hand.

Polyc. Content yourself about that, and though you are Harry Singleton every where else, you shall be Lord Janus here, and have all your privileges of being first serv'd ; then I hope your humble servant may have leave to help himself : Fair Eleanor is the dish of dainties at the head of the table ; plain Dorothy is the piece de resistance at the foot of it.

L. Janus. Enough said ! if that be so I am content.

Polyc. Commend me to your modesty for that : 'foregad I think the man that takes dame Dorothy's person will have fairly earned her purse : strangle me if I wou'd be plagu'd with her, but that I begin to think a little snug retreat would be seasonable, some little property that I may fairly call my own.

L. Janus. That might prevent mistakes to be sure; if you had property of your own, you need not trouble other people for theirs so often as you have done.

Polyc. That's true; hitherto I have only had right of common upon the wide world; marriage is like a bill of enclosure, by which every man has his own lot to himself.

L. Janus. Yes, and he may keep it to himself so long as he can fence out his neighbours; but that is not often the case.

Polyc. Dorothy will be a good stake in my hedge however; he, that breaks into her pasture, must risque more in the attack, than he can profit by the trespass.

L. Janus. I confess there is enough to baulk a bolder sportsman than I pretend to be; but keep your eye upon Sir Solomon; he is lord of the manor here, and if nobody claims Dorothy, she and her strong box will fall as an escheat to him.

Polyc. If you will take care of his daughter, I think I may promise to provide for Dorothy, and thus between us we may give him a fine-cure for the rest of his days.

L. Janus. And when all his cares are over, I will quietly lay down my peerage, retire from the gayeties of the world, and live like a plain country gentleman in this plain country house.

Polyc. I guess you will prefer it for your summer residence to Janus Castle itself.

L. Janus. Yes, I shall put that aside as a jointure-house for my lady.

Polyc. Right! we will keep that snug in the red box with the rest of the deeds, which Sir Solomon has taken charge of; if it escapes out of his hands, let him look to the loss; it is not our business to disturb such quiet property.

L. Janus. But after all what say you to Solomon? is he not a precious fellow?

Polyc. I like him better than I do that same Captain Bluff; I don't know what to think of him.

L. Janus. Never think about him; those web-footed fowl are nimble on the water, but mere wadlers upon land.

Polyc. And what for a girl is Miss Eleanor the heiress?

L. Janus. A wood-nymph, a hamadyard, light as æther, fresh as air, and altogether my dear Jack, so adorably charming, that if I had not such an uncontrollable, inexpressible passion for her fortune, I am apt to think I should be in love with her for her person.

Polyc. What are we about then? If we are lovers let us follow up the fair. Dorothy and I lost ground at the starting, and my old girl is no Atalanta, neither light as æther nor fresh as air, but remember the old fable where the tortoise wins the race from the hare. [*Exeunt.*]

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

The Park, with a View of Sir Solomon's House.

Sir CHARLES FREEMANTLE, ELEANOR in her Riding Habit.

Sir CHARLES.

NOW I have set you safe upon your feet, and you assure me you have got no hurt by your fall, give me leave to say, you have had such an escape, as will make it madness, if you ever mount the back of that vicious animal any more.

Eleanor. Yes, we call her the vixen mare; she wou'd have shewn me no mercy if I had hung in my stirrup, and that I must have done if it had not been for you; I shall always believe I owe my life to you.

Sir Charles. And I shall always consider it as the happiest moment of mine, which brought me to your rescue: May I not know the lady's name, I have been thus fortunate in assisting?

Eleanor. I live at this house which you see; I am the daughter of Sir Solomon Sapient; you are a stranger in these parts I perceive.

Sir Charles. I am a traveller, and far from my own home, but tho' I am a stranger to you, and may never have the happiness of meeting you again, yet I hope you will allow me to request one favor of you.

Eleanor. Pray do, and I'll grant it, be what it will.

Sir Charles. As this adventure has for ever fixt you in my memory, it will be much for my repose in future wou'd you give me your faithful promise never to commit yourself to that vixen mare, as you call her any more.

Eleanor. Goodness alive! do you call that a favor? you must be very kind-hearted to be at such concern about me; but at all events I give you my promise, and if you doubt my keeping it let your servant take away the mare with him.

Sir Charles. I shou'd put her to death the next moment were she mine.

Eleanor. Bless your heart! our folks only laugh at such accidents; but pray now step into the house and rest yourself after your fatigue.

Sir Charles. I'm afraid I cannot now avail myself of your politeness.

Eleanor. Politeness! not at all: do now—you might if you wou'd, pray do—never mind your boots; there's no ceremony—Mercy be good unto me: what a pickle I am in! only look what a petticoat I have got!

Sir Charles. Come, you are well off to have hurt nothing but your cloaths.

Eleanor. Oh! hang my cloaths, they are used to it; I thought at first I had put out my ankle: look what a wrench I have given it! Heyday, what is here to do? will you be so good to put the lacing of my boot to rights? Don't you go to say any thing to papa about my fall.

Sir Charles. Will you conceal it from your father?

[*Sir Charles adjusts her boot.*]

Eleanor. Why, aye to be sure—Heh!—what!—isn't it right? nay, I won't do it, if you think 'tis wrong—Dear! how awkward you go about it; why, that's not the way. Here! I'll shew you; you shou'd pass it thro' here; now you're right. — And so you don't think I shou'd sink this accident on my father.

Sir Charles. Perhaps I don't think a young lady shou'd sink any thing on her father.

Eleanor. Ah, but that—that won't always do though;—will it?

Sir Charles. Heavens! this girl bewitches me —
aside.) I shou'd guess you have no secrets you need conceal from your father.

Eleanor. That's as much as to say, you guess I have no secrets at all.

Sir Charles. Let this little misadventure then stand for one, and when you are at the pains of keeping one, will you consent at my request to keep another.

Eleanor. By all means; tell it me.

Sir Charles. This it is then—If I converse with you five minutes longer, I shall be absolutely and irrecoverably in love with you for life.

Eleanor. Indeed! well, five minutes are soon gone; don't be in a hurry. — Hush! hark! what talking's that? sure I hear my father's voice; stay where you are: don't be afraid — I'll be sure to come back to you.

[She runs out.]

Sir CHARLES alone.

What possesses me? I am fascinated, fixt, spell-bound by the wand of an enchantress: the place is full of charms and filtres; she has sprinkled love-powder in the air, and every breath I draw brings infection to my heart.

ELEANOR returns hastily.

Eleanor. 'Tis my father sure enough. Oh my giddy head, I forgot to ask by what name I am introduce you to him.

Sir Charles. Freemantle is my name; if you think fit, you may add Sir Charles to it.

Eleanor. Sir Charles Freemantle — a baronet — I wish you had been a lord—I charge you don't run away.

Sir SOLOMON SAPIENT enters.

Sir Sol. I met your servant with your horses, and he says you've had a fall. My dear child, is all well; are you safe and unhurt?

Eleanor. Thanks to this gentleman for saving me, I have receiv'd no manner of hurt.

Sir Sol. I am infinitely indebted to the gentleman; but I have not the happiness of knowing him.

Eleanor. It is Charles — Sir Charles — Pray, Sir, tell my father your name.

Sir Charles. Freemantle is my name.

Sir Sol. Of the county of Kent, good Sir?

Sir Charles. I live in Kent; Sir.

Sir Sol. I know your family full well; a very antient and respectable house; I have the honor to rank next to you, Sir Charles, upon the roll of baronets. In very truth, Sir, you have restor'd to me the only hopes of my family; if there is any thing Sir Solomon Sapient can do to shew his gratitude and respect to you, I answer to that name, and shall be most happy to approve myself your very humble servant in all bounden duty.

Sir Charles. I am overpaid, Sir Solomon, by my great good fortune in chancing upon this young lady, as I was travelling the road, just where her horse began a plunging; by a sudden spring from the back of mine, I caught her in my arms as she was falling, and seizing hold of her rein at the same time, held the mischievous animal fast by the head, till I had extricated her foot from the stirrup; and now give me leave to remark to you, Sir Solomon, that had I a life so precious in my charge, I shou'd hold myself unpardonable, were I to expose it: to such danger any more.

Sir Sol. There, there, Eleanor, you hear what Sir Charles says.

Eleanor. Yes, papa, and I have promis'd to observe what he says: isn't he very kind to take so much concern about me?

Sir Sol. I protest and swear. I am more bound to you, Sir Charles, than I can find words to express; I pray you, worthy Sir, let me improve the happy hour of our meeting: I think you said you was upon your journey, let me request you will make my humble cottage your inn.

Sir Charles. I cannot think of waiting upon you in this trim.

Sir Sol. Oh dear heart, your riding dress is quite sufficient.

Eleanor. I told you so at first: How can you be so cerimonious?

Sir Sol. We have other travellers in the same predicament with yourself; perhaps you may be acquainted with

the noble personage, who now honors me with his company; perhaps you know the Lord Viscount Janus.

Sir Charles. Intimately, I know him intimately, and honor him very highly, as every man, who knows him, must.

Sir Sol. Truly he is a very amiable young nobleman, and I am happy to hear you report so favorably of him.

Sir Charles. Sir, it is not my single voice that can do justice to Lord Janus, the whole world is loud in his praises.

Sir Sol. Mind that, daughter Eleanor: He has a very fine fortune I understand —

Sir Charles. That is the least of his recommendations; he has a very good heart, Sir Solomon.

Sir Sol. There again.

Sir Charles. An excellent understanding —

Sir Sol. Yes, yes, he's very acute, in good truth.

Sir Charles. Pardon me, I do not speak of his understanding in that stile; he is much too modest and well-bred to affect the man of wit and acuteness: he is of the gentlest manners, and diffident almost to a failing —

Eleanor. Oh, then I assure you he has effectually got rid of that failing.

Sir Sol. Hold your tongue, child, you don't know what diffidence is.

Eleanor. If I am to judge of it by Lord Janus, I confess I do not.

Sir Charles. I assure you, it is too apt to intercept his good qualities, and keep them out of sight.

Sir Sol. Why really, Sir Charles Freemantle, I do not see that failing in Lord Janus in the degree you mention; his lordship has a fluency of expression, a very happy command of his features, a ready address in setting himself off to advantage, as indeed it well becomes him to do; but he makes no display of his fortune, he is above that; no equipage, no suite of servants

Sir Charles. That's much indeed; for in general his lordship is very splendid in those respects.

Eleanor. Alas-a-day, he has nobody with him but old Philibert the Frenchman, and he looks more like a Jew than any thing else.

Sir Charles. You surprize me much; I can't think where he has pick'd up such a person: I can remember he had a

very smart fellow in that capacity, one Harry Singleton a mighty favourite; but as I had no opinion of his honesty, I always thought his reign wou'd be a short one.

Sir Sol. Well, Sir Charles, if you will honor me with your company, you will have the pleasure of meeting an old acquaintance, and confer a great favour on a new one.

Sir Charles. I must be insensible to my own happiness, cou'd I resist so much politeness; you will give me leave to ride back to my inn, and wait upon you at your hour of dinner.

Sir Sol. Use your pleasure, good Sir Charles at the hour of four we shall expect you.

Eleanor. Be sure you do not fail us. A thousand, thousand thanks, and till then good bye to you!

[Exit with Sir Solomon.]

Sir CHARLES FREEMANTLE.

Farewell! Who shall now tell me love at first sight is but a fable?

An Apartment,

LORD JANUS and POLYCARP.

L. Janus. Then 'tis agreed to make our grand attack this very day. —

Polyc. By all means; there is no time to be lost: I have cook'd up a kind of abstract for your lordship to sign, which you will pass upon Solomon for the sketch of a settlement, and on the strength of this security press him to let the marriage be consummated out of hand! I think I can answer for the old fool, if you have made your way as well with the young one.

L. Janus. Can you doubt of that? don't you think I make a very gallant appearance? am I not equipt at all points like a lord?

Poly. Yes truly, you are very handsomely metamorphos'd by the help of little Moses the French Jew; I see you have him at your back in the shape of a valet de chambre.

L. Janus. Trust him for sticking close to me; he has an interest in looking well to my wardrobe, for 'tis all his own property, and he brushes every coat *con-amore* with a

fellow-feeling for it's future good appearance in Rag-Fair.

Polyc. To say the truth I have some slight traces in my memory of the very suit now upon your lordship's back.

L. Janus. Very likely; I dare say I am not the first lord that has worn it.

Polyc. Nor the first lord's valet perhaps, who has made free to borrow it.

L. Janus. I know when I was in that post in Lord Janus's service, I so often wore his cloaths, that I thought it for his honor to wear his name too.

Polyc. 'Tis a pity but you cou'd wear his face also.

L. Janus. Why, as he has two by his title, it wou'd be no great robbery if I did.

Polyc. It must be the face that looks backwards then, for 'tis more than probable, that is the way you must take your last journey out of life.

L. Janus. No croaking, dear Jack, let me try the marriage noose first, and if that don't hold, why a man must submit to his destiny. [Exit.

Polyc. Aha! Madam Dorothy, are you here? May this be my destiny!

Mrs. DOROTHY enters.

Am I once more so happy? To-day my better genius is at work.

Mrs. Dor. Nay, Mr. Polycarp, if you are beginning again, I'll not be left alone with you.

Polyc. Wherein have I offended you?

Mrs. Dor. What! are you not aware that you made downright love to me last time we were together?

Polyc. Do you call that love? No, Madam, what my heart dictates and my tongue dares not utter, that is love.

Mrs. Dor. Positively I must hear no more of it.

Polyc. Is he then so formidable a deity, that the very whiff of his wings puts your spirits into a flutter?

Mrs. Dor. It does indeed; my sensibility must not be awaken'd for the cruel purpose of making sport for your vanity; I suspect, Mr. Polycarp, you are a general lover.

Polyc. I thought you rather chided me for being too particular.

Mrs. Dor. And so I did, for I have dedicated my days to celibacy and retirement: I do not wish to have

the tranquillity of my heart disturb'd, and really you assail'd it so warmly, that unless you promise me to desist, I must peremptorily fly.

Mrs. Dor. Restrain yourself then ; suppress these emotions, and I will consent to stay with you.

Polyc. Any thing, most amiable of women, so you will not fly ; the rigour of your commands shall condemn me to silence.

Mrs. Dor. Don't call it rigour ; think not I adhere so scrupulously to devotion as to forbid those delicate attentions, which are so becoming in your sex, and so pleasing to our's.

Polyc. What can I say, when you tell me you have devoted your days to perpetual celibacy !

Mrs. Dor. Did I tell you that, and do you always take a lady at her word on such occasions ?

Polyc. Thus, then upon my knees let me adore —

OLIVER *enters hastily.*

Oliver. Oh lud-a-mercy ! I beg pardon for my boldness !

Mrs. Dor. Impertinent fellow !

Oliver. Ah I'm a sinful man I did not know the gentleman was at his prayers, Good Sir, go on with your devotions.

Mrs. Dor. How often must you be told not to burst into a lady's room in such a manner ? Why didn't you tap at the door before you enter'd ?

Oliver. Dear heart, why didn't you bolt it, and then I cou'd not have enter'd at all ?

Mrs. Dor. What is your business here ?

Oliver. Only to tell you, his worship desires to see you ; but I will go back and say, you are a little busy at present.

Polyc. Come, come, honest Oliver, you seem a man of more discretion than to say any thing about the matter ; you know the servant's proverb, He that keeps a secret, makes a friend.

Oliver. Oh, as for that, let me alone for a secret : Madam Dorothy knows well enough what I can do in that way.

Mrs. Dor. Well, well, go and tell your master I am coming : say nothing of Mr. Polycarp's being with me.

Oliver. No, no, there is no body with you ; you are

quite alone : but, I hope, the gentleman can remember to turn back to the place he left off at. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. Dor. You see what you expose me to : I desire, Sir, you will leave me.

Polyc. Tell me only when I may be so blest again, where shall we meet ?

Mrs. Dor. Why will you be so pressing ? can't I take my usual walk in the lime-tree grove, without your following me ?

Polyc. Certainly not, and love, tho' blind, shall conduct me to the place ; groves are propitious to the lover's hopes ; there you will listen to my vows ; there I shall not kneel in vain ; there, in my fancy, I behold you soften'd by my supplication, pitying, relenting, yielding —

Mrs. Dor. Oh lud ! don't talking of yielding : I wonder what you see in me to encourage these raptures.

Polyc. What do I see ? the majesty of Juno, when you move : the wisdom of Minerva, when you speak ; in your eyes, the smile of Venus ; and, about your lips, a thousand playful Cupids, which I will seize upon the spot, and crush the little wanton rascals — thus and thus —

Sir SOLOMON enters.

Sir Sol. Mr. Polycarp !

Mrs. Dor. Ah murder !

Sir Sol. Release those little wanton Cupids, and let me have a word with 'em before you crush 'em quite to death.

Polyc. Very good, very good, Sir Solomon ! very pleasant i' faith !

Sir Sol. Yes indeed, so it should seem : Cousin Dorothy, I hope you like it.

Mrs. Dor. Pooh ! don't be foolish : 'Tis none of my doing ; isn't there a wedding going forward in the family ?

Sir Sol. I shou'd suppose so, as I see you have put it into rehearsal.

Mrs. Dor. The gentleman was only giving me joy —

Sir Sol. And you was only taking it.

Polyc. If it is at all improper for the friends of the contracting parties to welcome such good tidings with a salute, it was my joy upon the occasion that overpower'd me.

Sir Sol. And wasn't you overpowered too, cousin ? But pry'thee now run to daughter Eleanor ; she has had a fall.

Mrs. Dor. A fall ! Oh heavens !

Sir Sol. Don't be alarmed, she's not hurt ; a gentleman luckily stept in upon the moment and sav'd her ; it might have been your case ; if I had not stept in as luckily just now.

Mrs. Dor. Ridiculous ! provoking !

[*Exit.*

Sir Sol. Mr, Polycarp !

Polyc. Sir Solomon !

Sir Sol. When I parted from you to go in search of my daughter, I left you in the library engag'd with a book ; if I mistake not, you was turning over a page of Tully's Offices.

Polyc. Nothing more likely ; I believe it was that very book.

Sir Sol. And if it is not impertinent which of his four cardinal virtues might you be engag'd with, whilst you was turning over a page with cousin Dorothy ?

Polyc. 'Twou'd be harder to tell you which of the virtues I was not engaged with, when I had the whole volume in my hands.

Sir Sol. It is a volume, let me tell you, that has lain a pretty many years on the shelf, and you will find a pretty many crabbed pages in it.

Polyc. Beauty, Sir Solomon, is the fairest page in the manuscript of the creation ; a scholar seeks for what he may admire in it ; a booby looks about for what he may find fault with : one feeds like a bee upon blossoms, the other like a beetle upon dirt.

Sir Sol. Under favor, I conceive my cousin is not very beautiful, nor yet very young,

Polyc. Certainly she is neither, and yet there is a something, give me leave to say, a kind of *je'n sçais quois* about her —

Sir Sol. Perhaps you mean her fortune ; there, indeed, she has some temptations.

Polyc. Not for me, not for me ; I despise fortune ; riches are my contempt, therefore with your leave we will drop the subject, and apply to something more immediate : You must know, Sir Solomon, I have sketcht out an abstract of his lordship's propos'd settlement upon your daughter.

Sir Sol. That's well done, Mr. Polycarp ; that is very much to the purpose.

Polyc. 'Tis noble, 'tis magnificent; perhaps I thought it so in the extreme, but I acted from duty, he from generosity, and so it stands without retrenchment.

Sir Sol. My deposit with my daughter is 20,000 *l.* in hand, and the residue at my death without heirs.

Polyc. I know it is, and shall be glad to see the transaction clos'd between his lordship and you.

Sir Sol. Have you any doubt then of his standing to his engagement?

Polyc. Far be it from me to say that, but I have seen one marriage-settlement broke off from the dilatory proceedings of the lawyers: Lord Janus is a young man; his passions are warm, and 'tis the nature of such tempers to be a little volatile: Were I in your case, I shou'd not let him out of my sight; I should marry him on the spot.

Sir Sol. How can that be done with security to the parties?

Polyc. Very easily; let him sign the abstract I have prepared, which effectually binds him to the settlement, and pay you the 20,000 *l.* into his hands, and the affair is done: The marriage takes place immediately, and your daughter is the Lady Viscountess Janus.

Sir Sol. And are you sure his lordship's signing that abstract is good security for the settlement?

Polyc. I am sure it is as good as any settlement he can make, or any security you can have, tho' his whole estate were bound to make it good: I am your friend, Sir Solomon, in this business; I am indeed.

Sir Sol. My dear Polycarp, I am everlastingly bound to you: my money is forthcoming, if he is but as ready on his part.

Polyc. Oh! I will be answerable for him: But I shall stand the young lady's inclinations all this while.

Sir Sol. And, how shou'd you suppose a young lady's inclinations likely to stand from the sample you have had in this family of an old one's?

Polyc. Ah, Sir Solomon, you're a wag. No more of that if you love me.

END of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

*Sir SOLOMON SAPIENT. Lord JANUS.
POLYCARP.*

Sir SOLOMON.

WELL, my Lord Janus, these are very generous proposals : I cannot hesitate about them ; I only doubt if Janus Castle will not be too expensive an establishment for a jointure-house.

Lord Janus. 'Tis a substantial edifice, and in good repair ; I can't complain of my expences in keeping it up.

Polyc. I should wonder if you did. [*Aside.*

Sir Sol. I have heard much of its magnificence, and I confess my expectations run very high.

Polyc. Your disappointments will soon overtake 'em.

[*Aside.*

Sir Sol. But it is not the splendor of your lordship's alliance, which dazzles my ambition ; 'tis from the virtue of your character I derive my felicity.

Polyc. You hear that, my lord ; little does Sir Solomon value your nobility, birth, and fortune—and, indeed, what are they ?

Lord Janus. Aye, what indeed ?

Sir Sol. I don't say that, my lord ; I would not be thought to undervalue worldly enjoyments, nor outward appearances : but I look into the interior of a man ; I study the character, that is my habit.

Polyc. A gift, Sir Solomon, a gift !

Sir Sol. It is so, Mr. Polycarp, it is so.—And now, my Lord Janus, as we have put the business so far in train, I presume, I may account myself secure of the honor of calling you my son-in-law.

Lord Janus. Honor, my good Sir Solomon, is the very oath and bond of a peer ; I must forfeit my title before I can falsify my word.

Polyc. I rather think you'll do both at the same time.

[*Aside.*]

Sir Sol. Now then I may announce my happiness, and open my doors to my friends and neighbours.—Apropos to that, my lord; I chanc'd upon a friend of your's this morning, a gentleman I am under great obligations to for rescuing my daughter from her danger; a very warm admirer of your lordship, I can assure you; one who speaks of you in raptures.

Lord Janus. Aye, indeed! Who may he be?

Sir Sol. Sir Charles Freemantle.

Lord Janus. The devil it is! Sir Charles Freemantle! —Polycarp, I'm in an ague-fit. [*Aside to Polyc.*]

Sir Sol. Bless me, Lord Janus! what is the matter? you seem startled.

Polyc. What are you about? recollect yourself [*Apart to Lord Janus.*] 'Tis his sensibility on the lady's account throws him into these terrors.

Lord Janus. Polycarp can witness what a shock it gave me.

Polyc. Yes, indeed, he has not recover'd himself yet.

Sir Sol. And therefore to Sir Charles Freemantle, who was the lucky instrument of saving her, we owe the more; I thought I could not do a more acceptable thing to your lordship than give you an opportunity of telling him so. He dines with us to-day.

Lord Janus. Indeed!

Sir Sol. O yes; I took upon me to say you would be happy to see him at dinner.

Lord Janus. You said so, did you! You made use of my name to him?

Sir Sol. I did, I did, my lord! I said every thing in your name that was civil.

Lord Janus. I am oblig'd to you.—Mr. Polycarp, you will return me that settlement; it is of no present use, I can do no business to-day.

Sir Sol. How so, how so? What's the matter, I beseech you?

Lord Janus. 'Tis impossible to think of it; all my joys are frustrated, disappointment blasts my ardor; this day, this very day, and none other, had I set down for the consummation of my happiness; love fir'd my heart; gene-

rosity expanded it : the deed was ready, the very pen was in my fingers, that was to portion my bride, when suddenly my evil genius steps in, and the vision vanishes into air.

[Walks about disorder'd.

Polyc. I told you how it would be ; I warn'd you of the turn he wou'd take : he'll be off ; he will, upon my soul— if not, I can answer for one that will. [Aside.

Sir Sol. What do you tell me ? Off ! will he be off ? sure you are not in earnest.

Lord Janus. Sir Charles [redacted] is a person I cannot be in company with.

Polyc. No, indeed, you [redacted] and Sir Charles must not meet — at least I will not be present at the interview,

Sir Sol. Why, what can all this mean ! If there is truth in man, I never heard one gentleman speak of another in more kind and friendly terms.

OLIVER enters.

Oliver. An please your worship, Sir Charles Freemantle is arriv'd.

Sir Sol. There, there, there ! what's to be done now ?

Oliver. Where would you please to have him shewn ?

Lord Janus. Not into this room, for your life.

Sir Sol. Hold, hold ! who's in the drawing-room ?

Oliver. Nobody but Miss.

Sr. Sol. Shew him in there : say that I will come to him presently.

Oliver. What the murrain ails 'em now ? Ah my poor master, thou hast stuff'd thy skull so full of my lord, that thou hast turn'd out thy wits to make room for him.

[Exit.

Sir Sol. My Lord Janus, I am quite confounded at what has happen'd ; I had no intention of inviting any person disagreeable to your lordship ; but what am I to do, now the gentleman is in my house ?

Lord Janus. Get him out of it as speedily as you can, Sir Solomon, if my longer stay in it is of any consequence to you.

Sir Sol. Upon what pretence shall I turn him thus abruptly out of my house ? Has he any design upon your lordship ! Is he unfit company for a gentleman ? Is he more than he pretends to be ; a cheat, an impostor ?

Lord Janus. He has been pleas'd to describe my character to you in very handsome terms; I shall not speak of his; I shall say no more of Sir Charles Freemantle, than that I know him too well; and that if he is to be admitted into your house, I must positively quit it.

Polyc. I can only assure you, Sir Solomon, that his lordship has the best reasons in the world for what he says; a person of Lord Janus's character will be very properly delicate about entering into particulars; you must not expect it from him: but if you set any value upon his alliance, I can tell you it is no otherwise to be obtained but by dismissing your visitor.

Sir Sol. No doubt, I will, Mr. Polycarp — but how?

Polyc. Nothing so easy; 'tis done every day: a civil apology on the score of health, or business, or sudden engagement—any thing of the sort will serve for an excuse to get rid of an unwelcome guest.

Sir Sol. Very true; I'll instantly set about it: and if I can find brother George, I'll send him upon the errand.

Polyc. Lord Janus, I am your lordship's obedient: I shall move off, whilst my legs are at liberty.

L. Janus. How now, my master? where am I to be, if you take the bitt in your teeth and are off?

Polyc. And where shall I be, when your sham-lordship is detected and blown up?

L. Janus. I'll tell you what, Jack, I am such a friend to good-fellowship, that if it were only to enjoy the ceremonials of a horse-pond, I should be glad to have you with me: How shall I support my melancholy meditations in the stocks, unless I have the consolation of seeing you fast lockt by my side.

Polyc. I am obliged to you; you have a pleasant easy way of providing for your friends. In the name of folly, why did I, a novice in iniquity, join stock with one of so establish'd a fame, that even in this odd corner of the island we can't enjoy a little seasonable obscurity!

L. Janus. Come, come, I have more resources than you dream of.

Polyc. Methinks you were cruelly puzzled to turn to them; never saw a fellow in a worse plunge, and had not I help'd you out, I know not what wou'd have become of you.

L. Janus. Well, well; let us retire to my chamber and keep out of sight till Sir Charles is gone, and then we shall have a clear field for action, Come along. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene changes.

Sir CHARLES FREEMANTLE, followed by ELEANOR.

Eleanor. Where are you going? what is it that disturbs you? are you afraid of being left alone with me till my father comes?

Sir Charles. I am indeed; every moment grows more painful than another.

Eleanor. Why? what have I said or done to give you pain?

Sir Charles. Come, come, you know the nature of the pain you give me.

Eleanor. I know I am very little qualified to entertain you, but I can answer from my heart that I never meant to offend you.

Sir Charles. Offend me! No. Must I then plainly tell you, that you are too charming and I too sensible to your charms?

Eleanor. Nay, if you run away from me only because you like me, I must suppose it is for instruction sake, to teach me what I ought to do towards you.

Sir Charles. This is cruel kindness, for you are flattering my passion when you should be assisting me to fly from it: you may return the little service I have done you; we have chang'd situations since the morning; I am now in the danger: reach out your hand and save me.

Eleanor. Here is my hand: what can I offer more? take it.

Sir Charles. Can I take the property of another? can I defraud a friend?

Eleanor. Ah! now I understand your scruples; you suppose my father has engag'd me to Lord Janus.

Sir Charles. 'Tis true, and as I love the man, and know his merit, I cannot think of interfering with pretensions, not only prior but superior to my own.

Eleanor. Very well, I see what you point at; you told me I was to keep no secrets from my father; I am to have

no preference, no choice no will of my own. What if I don't like Lord Janus, am I to be forc'd to marry him against my inclinations?

Sir Charles. How shall I answer that question and not appear like a seducer? let your own heart answer it: if you do not like Lord Janus, I can only say the most admir'd young man in the kingdom is not to your taste.

Eleanor. Indeed he is not, and I could be glad you would tell me for which of his lordship's superior good qualities I ought to hold him in such admiration.

Sir Charles. That would be a little too hard upon me; I will do him justice as a man of honor, but I will not undertake his cause as an advocate.

Eleanor. And did you do him justice a while ago, when you told us he was diffident almost to a failing? there I think I may venture to defend his character, tho' I am as little inclin'd to be his advocate as you can be. You told us at the same time he had a good heart and an excellent understanding—'tis a pity such perfections should be lost upon me. You said that he was modest, well-bred, and of the gentlest manners—these are charming qualities; convince me only that his lordship possesses them, and I cannot chuse but admire him.

Sir Charles. Fie upon you, lovely but bewitching tempter, you have ruffled me of my heart, and now you wou'd rally me out of my reason: but I'll not be trapp'd into any such undertaking as you propose: I shall leave Lord Janus to his own defence.

Eleanor. Nay, but stay a moment, and hear how easily it is done; stand only in that place for your friend, and see how instantly you will make a convert of me; nay, but keep your post, for I acknowledge all the virtues you have ascrib'd to him, now I contemplate every thing, which I regard as worthy to be admir'd and lov'd.

Sir Charles. Oh heaven and earth! what transports I shou'd now enjoy, if I dar'd but to indulge them; but I must escape with honor whilst I can,

Eleanor. So you will go; Ah! then I see my error, and diffidence is indeed the failing you describ'd.

Captain GEORGE enters to them.

George. Sir Charles Freemantle, I must beg leave to in-

roduce myself to you as the uncle of this young lady, and as such, to assure you, I shall ever retain a grateful sense of the very important service you rendered her this morning.

Sir Charles. The interest you take in that happy event, captain, makes it doubly pleasing to me, for, I hope, I am too good an Englishman, not to reverence the character of so brave an officer, as I have now the honor to take by the hand.

George. Alas, sir, my small services merit no such encomiums;—but, Sir Charles, I have a few words in commission from my brother, and, with my niece's leave, I would deliver them to you in private.

Eleanor. Very well, uncle George; I will do as you bid me; I will go and leave you to yourselves—but I am sorry it must be a secret, because I am sure, if you had any thing to say that wou'd make me happy, you wou'd not send me out of the way. [Exit Eleanor.]

George. If I understood my niece rightly, Sir Charles, you have discovered the situation of things in this family, and are doing that from your own delicacy, which wou'd else seem a breach of hospitality to suggest to you.

Sir Charles. 'Tis very true, Sir; I apprehend there is business going forward in this family, that wou'd make my company very unseasonable, and, if I am right in my conjecture, why shou'd I put you to the pain of an apology?

George. Upon my word, Sir Charles, you have candidly excus'd me from the most awkward service I was ever engaged in: the truth is, my brother and Lord Janus are just now very seriously employed; his lordship lawyer is come from town for the purpose; and I understand the affair to be of such a nature, as not to allow of those attentions, which, in any other circumstances, they would be proud to pay you.

Sir Charles. I certainly shall not think of interrupting any parties so engag'd; but I flatter myself that, to a gentleman of your character, I may speak openly and ingenuously what occurs to me on this occasion.

George. By all means, sir; use no reserve with me.

Sir Charles. Then I must say to you in confidence, that I suspect my friend Lord Janus will meet more difficulties than he seems to be aware of; and I am persuaded he is

the last man living to press forward a treaty with the lady's father, unless he thought himself secure of her affections.

George. It may be so, but these are matters out of my line, which I never meddle in: I love my niece, and wish to see her happy, but I have no voice in the disposal of her, nor am I in the secret of her inclinations.

Sir Charles. Misunderstand me not, I pray you; I am not sounding you on the subject of her inclinations, I am only guarding against those consequences, which may ensue upon the presumption of Lord Janus's disappointment: I know him well, a nobler gentleman does not live, nor is there a family in the kingdom but might well be proud of his alliance.

George. This is a very honourable testimony on your part, Sir Charles.

Sir Charles. It is but justice; and if a certain accident, which happen'd this morning, may have left impressions on your niece's mind in favour of an object, whose pretensions cannot vie with those of Lord Janus, it becomes a very serious point with me to clear myself from all suspicion of such mean clandestine measures, as one competitor will sometimes enviously practise to degrade and level his superior: as Lord Janus is my particular friend, I must therefore insist upon an interview with him before I leave the place.

George. I commend you for your caution, and 'tis what you have a right to expect; but as he is now in the very act of signing and sealing with my brother, I think you will not press for it immediately, nor perhaps consider this house as the properest place for your meeting.

Sir Charles. I would not wish to remain in this house, where my longer stay might subject me to suspicions, I have already made some sacrifices to avoid; I had rather meet Lord Janus any where else.

George. Didn't you notice a little rustic building in the wood, as you came down the avenue to the house?

Sir Charles. I did; there cannot be a fitter rendezvous; I'll order my chaise to follow me, and beg you to tell Lord Janus I will wait for him there.

George. I will certainly do it, and shall hold myself bound, on all occasions, to bear witness to your very honorable proceedings.

Sir Charles. I cannot wish a better advocate. Good day to you! *[Exit.]*

ELEANOR *enters.*

Eleanor. Uncle George!

George. Well, my dear, what say you?

Eleanor. So you're alone, I find: your visitor is gone; heigho! we have seen the last of him.

George. Are you particularly concern'd for that?

Eleanor. I'll put a case to you in your own way, and then you shall judge if I have not reason to be concern'd—but you'll answer fairly?

George. To be sure I will; let me hear your case, my pretty Eleanor.

Eleanor. Why, suppose now your ship has struck upon a rock, and you it were perishing in the waves; and, suppose a gallant, generous fellow, was, in that very moment of distress, to save your life at the risque of his own—shou'dn't you be very much obliged to him?

George. Undoubtedly I should; what then?

Eleanor. Why then, how can you wonder if what would be obligation in your case, should be love in mine?

George. Ah, you subtle hussy! I must not be entangled by you in this manner.

Eleanor. But is he not a noble fellow?

George. Well, well! put no leading questions to me: I'm not a match for you.

Eleanor. I hope you don't compare my lord to him for person.

George. I am no critic in men's persons.

Eleanor. No, no; I dare say you look to the good qualities of a man; to his courage, to his honesty, for instance.

George. Well, child, and is not honesty a recommendation in every man's character?

Eleanor. Oh, yes, if he was an attorney, a very great one; but, let me ask you, uncle George—was you ever in love?

George. Go, you idle thing you, what a question's that?

Eleanor. Did you ever fall in love with a girl, who had nothing else to recommend her but her honesty? Not you. Love himself is a thief, you know; and let Sir Charles say

what fine things he will of Lord Janus, he only sets himself in a better light with me, and throws his friend to a further distance.

George. Come, come, this is mere rallery and idle talking; I flatter myself, you don't intend to disappoint your father's wishes, by refusing the great match he has provided for you.

Eleanor. And if I did, couldn't I supply the place of it with one as good? I am not over-ambitious of a great title; a baronet's lady will serve my turn.

George. You cannot doubt Lord Janus's merit, when his very rival speaks so highly of him.

Eleanor. Oh dear heart! Lord Janus may have all the merit in the world, and yet my Lady Janus be a very miserable woman. But tell me what you have done with Sir Charles, and where you have dispos'd of him: I hope he's coming here again.

George. That can hardly be expected.

Eleanor. Will he go without speaking to Lord Janus?

George. Perhaps not; they may converse together, and yet not make this house their place of meeting: and this reminds me, that I have a message in charge, which I must make haste and deliver. Adieu! [Exit.

Lord JANUS to ELEANOR.

Lord Janus. Fairest object in nature, how blest am I in being privileg'd to address you as your betroth'd admirer! Your worthy father has admitted me to an alliance, which will add a lustre to the brightest honors of my family, and I wait the approaching moment, that is to make us one, with an ardor nothing but the warmest passion can inspire.

Eleanor. As my father has assured your lordship of my compliance, I hope he can answer for my happiness too.

Lord Janus. Oh, my angel! when I have the rapturous delight to call you mine, you will only have to command, and be obeyed; to wish, and to be gratified in all you wish: for my fortune, I'll not speak of it; all is your's, I possess nothing: for my title, think it only borrowed to adorn you; I shall covet no other honor but that of being the most favour'd of your slaves.

Eleanor. Be assured, my lord, my endeavours shall not be wanting to set you at liberty,

Lord Janus. If you see me here a private man, unfurnished, unattended, 'tis that I may dazzle you the more when I present you to the admiring world one gem of lustre, splendid as your own brilliant charms; equipage, attendants, pleasures, palaces, are at your feet, and court you to enjoy them.

Eleanor. Indeed! I protest this is a very amusing inventory, and shews how well you understand to chuse out play-things for a child.

Lord Janus. Foregad! I must change my attack; this will never do. [*Aside.*]

Eleanor. Pray go on, for as yet there is no one thing in your catalogue I wish to bid for, not an article for which I would batter the freedom of my condition, and sacrifice the affections of my heart.

L. Janus. She has fairly put me down; I have not a word to say for myself. [*Aside.*]

Eleanor. Believe me, Lord Janus, you have made a small mistake, in supposing I am to fall in love with the world by description: when I enter upon it, I hope to take a friend for my guide, whom I can love and trust; one who will teach me rather to avoid it's temptations than be himself the tempter; as your lordship therefore has only paid your addresses to my vanity, my vanity is very much at your service; my heart I shall otherwise dispose of.

L. Janus. Now for my last effort.—Most charming of your sex, it is your heart I aspire to; it is that heavenly grace, those killing eyes, that lovely form—Oh! let me clasp it in my longing arms!

[*Offers to embrace her.*]

Eleanor. Stand off! Are you the elegant, the accomplished Lord Janus, whom your friend Sir Charles describes in raptures?

L. Janus. No truly I am not. [*Aside.*]

Eleanor. The modest, well-bred, gentle peer, whose diffidence is his only failing?—I'll not believe it.

L. Janus. Upon my soul, you are much in the right of it. [*Aside.*]—O generous beauty, pardon that extravagance of my passion; it's raptures over-power'd me: how shall I atone for this involuntary offence?

Eleanor. I'll tell you how, my lord—Go to your friend Sir Charles Freemantle, find him out, and either convince

him, that he has mistaken you, or by copying his manners, learn to make yourself more acceptable to me. (*Exit.*)

Lord JANUS.

'Tis all up with me : I can act the lord, but I cannot counterfeit the lover : this pedlar's courtship has undone me ; I must ev'n give it in, strip off this fool's jacket, and decamp. [*Exit.*]

END of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

Lord JANUS and POLYCARP meet.

POLYCARP.

HEYDEY ! what's in the wind now ? you have slept your skin.

L. Janus. And in good time, or it had been too hot to hold me.

Polyc. But what's the matter after all ?

L. Janus. This girl won't hear reason, and I can't make love ; that confounded Sir Charles Freemantle is still lurking about.

Polyc. What then ?

L. Janus. Why then I must either clear the ground of him, or he of me : I am going to meet him.

Polyc. Are you mad ?

L. Janus. Completely so, with him, with her, with fortune, all the world — I am at my last prayers.

Polyc. Your first I rather think, if at any.

L. Janus. The fellow stipulates for an interview ; he is waiting for me at a rendezvous in the wood ; these people insist upon my seeing him ; the captain was charg'd with a message to me ; Sir Solomon still engages for his

daughter, if I can drive this lurking lover out of her way.

Polyc. And do you undertake for that?

L. Janus. You see I am arm'd for the attempt; prepar'd either for engagement or retreat.

Polyc. Explain yourself.

L. Janus. Can't you comprehend that, in this undress I am Harry Singleton and Lord Janus's valet de chambre, a character I am more perfect in than that of his lordship? Well then—I make up a story for the purpose; nobody is present at our meeting, and as he does not know I have quitted my service, he believes what I tell him, and I bolt him.

Polyc. Do you so of a certain? suppose he will not be bolted.

L. Janus. Then I know who will.

Polyc. And what's to be done with me?

L. Janus. You must shift for yourself.

Polyc. Is that your care of me?

L. Janus. Nay, man, don't be angry: you have still a good game in hand, if Dorothy's eyes tell the truth; follow up your fortune there; when I am gone, the field will be open; Sir Solomon will be outrageous against his daughter, and cares you in hopes of making up matters with me: All this you can manage to your own purposes.

Polyc. Well, well, I own this carries some face: Dorothy is no small prize either in bulk or ballast; she's full of ingots.

L. Janus. Now then, Jack, give me your hand, perhaps for the last time: Do we part friends?

Polyc. Cordially.

L. Janus. Then fare thee well, my hearty fellow, if so it shall be! And may that slippery slut Fortune, tho' she jilts me, prove staunch to thee; therefore as thou wou'd'st have shar'd in my success, had it pleas'd her infernal divinity to grant it, so let me participate in thine, if in her celestial graces she shall smile upon thee.

Polyc. Then here's my hand! and with it my promise, that if ever this same hand takes possession of Dame Dorothy's strong box, there shall be a nest-egg left at the bottom for an unlucky friend to brood upon.

L. Janus. That's honest, and I thank thee.

Polyc. And now, as we are upon parting, I'll give thee a proof, that, tho' I have not known thee long, I know thee well. Thou hast every quality of a gentleman about thee, but the principles of one; birth, that shou'd not have been disgrac'd, education, that ought not to have been abus'd; and talents, which it is a scandal to pervert; had you applied them as you ought, instead of sinking into the menial drudgery of service, you might have rais'd yourself to a level with that station,, which you treacherously counterfeits.

L. Janus. The devil himself will turn moralist, if you begin a preaching; therefore, no more, but betake yourself to your Dorothy; if my string fails, I shall away to the next inn, there consign myself to the basket of some charitable stage, where I shall sit like the real Janus, with a melancholy face looking backwards on the world. and meditating on the quick transitions of all human grandeur.

[Exit.

Sir SOLOMON to POLYCARP.

Sir Sol. Didn't I see Lord Janus leave the room just now?

Polyc. Yes, and I'm afraid he will leave the house before long; he does not find that promising return of affection in your daughter, of which you spoke so confidently; she seems very cold to his addresses.

Sir Sil. A good token, Mr. Polycarp, a special good token; 'tis a way she has; it runs in her family, when I courted her mother, she was, for all the world, like Eleanor; you would have sworn she cou'd not bear the sight of me; she wou'd run away and hide herself, if she did but hear the very sound of my foot.

Polyc. Aye indeed! that's much.

Sir Sol. I tell you truth, she wou'd wring her hands, and cry and take on at such a rate, if I offer'd to make suit to her —

Polyc. Some people wou'd have taken that for aversion.

Sir Sol. They wou'd so, they wou'd so; but I knew better. I knew the ways of women, and that a tear upon the cheek, is no more a sign of sorrow, than a mole upon the skin. — Lord love you! there was more blubbering at my wedding than ever was bestowed upon a funeral.

Polyc. Than you, perhaps, bestow'd upon her ladyship's—but, I hope, you made her happy whilst you liv'd together.

Sir Sol. Happy, Mr. Polycarp, I made her amazingly happy; happy to a proverb; we were call'd, *The Turtles*: maiden tears are as sure a prelude to married happiness, as spring-showers to summer-fruits—and so my lord will find,—but your servant; I have no time to spare; I shall go and give my Miss a lecture: Mr. Polycarp, your servant.—Look, look! here comes cousin Dorothy—Hands off there, if you love me.

Polyc. Oh fie, Sir Solomon! don't suspect me—Go, go! bring your daughter to a proper way of thinking, and I'll take care of your cousin.

[*Exit Sir Solomon.*]

Mrs. DOROTHY to Mr. POLYCARP.

Oh! heavens, she comes, and smiling comes—*Love in her eyes sits playing, and sheds delicious death.*

Mrs. Dor. Nonsense! there will be anger in my eyes, if you persist to flatter me: you know I hate flattery; I can't bear raptures; teach 'em to your lord; he may address them to a younger and a fairer object.

Polyc. Let him, if he prefers the rising to the meridian sun; let him worship the pale quivering beam, that faintly glimmers in the twilight of the morn; let me enjoy the vertical full blaze, a glowing canopy of warmth and splendor.

Mrs. Dor. Raptures again! you men of genius deal in nothing else; but are they lasting, are they true?

Polyc. Ovid was not a truer votary to love than I.

Mrs. Dor. Aye, you are a scholar, there's another danger, I shou'd be jealous even of your books; grant I had nothing to fear from living rivals, how shou'd I be secur'd from dead ones?

Polyc. Then welcome beauty, and adieu to books! we will consign them all to oblivion but one: and that I will reserve for you alone.

Mrs. Dor. Indeed! and which is that?

Polyc. The Manual of Love; none but a scholar can develop the sublime philosophy of the tender passion.

Mrs. Dor. Passion and philosophy! how do they agree? I thought there had been no philosophy in love.

Polyc. Pardon me, how else shou'd I keep my passion within bounds, how support life itself without possessing that for which alone I live?

Mrs. Dor. A true lover will live a long while upon hope.

Polyc. Then it must not be that meagre moonshine diet, which poor Lord Janus is fed with; it must not be that mawkish, green-sick hope, that tantalizes his appetite: a few hours, perhaps, a day or two at most I can live upon it, but fix a certain time, an early moment for my happiness, or expect to see me pine away into an atrophe.

Mrs. Dor. Well then, perhaps—but take notice I'll not be hurried—perhaps I may consent to give you hopes, if I find you in the same mind a twelvemonth hence.

Polyc. Twelvemonths, my charmer! do you take me for a patriarch? twelve days would be an insupportable period.

Mrs. Dor. Oh frightful! what would the world say were I to take so rash a step;

Polyc. To-morrow let it be; nay, why not this very day?

Mrs. Dor. Bless me, this very day! you hurry me out of my life.

Polyc. No, loveliest of women, I wou'd rather hurry you into your happiness; let this languid couple crawl their own dreaming pace, but let us fly to the goal and seize the prize before them. Give me your hand, remember you promis'd me a walk in the grove; there we may converse at our ease and secure from interruption: Come! I have much to say to you, and many arguments to move you to compliance.

Mrs. Dor. Well then, I'll go upon condition you refrain from raptures.

Polyc. I'll do my best to obey you; but if my passion breaks bounds, recollect your own maxim, *That there is no philosophy in love.*

[*Exeunt.*]

*The GROVE.**Lord JANUS enters alone.*

O Fortune, if thou art indeed a goddess, prove thyself a good-natur'd one by taking pity on a poor fellow at a hard pinch, who is one of thy broken retainers, and wou'd fain make it up with thee for all the foul tricks thou hast play'd me in time past, and the many thousand curses I have bestow'd upon thee in return. Now, now stand my friend! for here comes my man.

*Sir CHARLES FREEMANTLE enters.**Sir Charles.* Harry Singleton!*L. Janus.* The same at your honour's service.*Sir Charles.* You live with Lord Janus still?*L. Janus.* My lord is much too good a master for me to quit, and too easily pleas'd with my poor services to dismiss me.*Sir Charles.* And is he coming? Does he know I am waiting for him?*L. Janus.* He knows it full well; the Captain deliver'd your message, and these are the words I have in charge to say to you — "Go to Sir Charles Freemantle," says he, "and tell him, that I feel all possible gratitude for the hand-some things he has said of me to the lady of my heart, and for his very honorable conduct in forbearing to pursue the advantages, which a lucky rencontre with that lady this morning seem'd to have given him."*Sir Charles.* I am very glad his lordship saw my conduct in that light: Go on.*L. Janus.* — "Tell him," says he, "that I am now happy enough to have conquered the impressions, which that accident seem'd to make, and find myself perfectly reinstated in the good graces of my charmer; that she has consented to make me happy, and we are now settling the deeds, and appointing the day for our nuptials."*Sir Charles.* You surprize me; is it possible?*L. Janus.* Even so, upon my veracity.*Sir Charles.* I never cou'd have suspected it.

L. Janus. Why not, Sir? perhaps you do not know the lady.

Sir Charles. It seems I do not: If this be so, she must be the arrantest coquette in nature.

L. Janus. Oh dear Sir, woe betide the man that marries her! Nobody can tell the pains I have taken with my lord to draw him off, but it was his fate, and you may bless your stars, Sir Charles, for the escape you have had.

Sir Charles. By my soul, Harry, I begin to think so.

L. Janus. With great reason let me assure you.

Sir Charles. Damnation! but it vexes me to have been so deceiv'd in a girl of her sort, a child, a mere baby, all nature and simplicity as it seem'd.

L. Janus. Very true, Sir Charles, but all men are liable to be deceived. — I hope you at least will not prove an exception.

Sir Charles. Let me perish but it were a friendly act to open his eyes; I'll go to Lord Janus, and demand an interview.

L. Janus. No, no, Sir; I beseech you not to think of that.

Sir Charles. Why not! 'tis due to honor, friendship, justice; shall I see my friend upon the brink of ruin, and not rouse him to a sense of his danger?

L. Janus. Alas-a-day, Sir, I have done all that over and over again, but it is too late; it is impossible to prevent it; nay, if it were possible, give me leave to say it were improper to prevent it.

Sir Charles. How so? how can it be improper?

L. Janus. Because — but I beg your pardon, Sir, I ought not to reveal secrets.

Sir Charles. What is it you mean? explain yourself.

L. Janus. Good Sir, don't compel me to do that; it is not fit to be explained: you have had an escape, that is enough; believe me, Sir Charles Freemantle, you have had an escape.

Sir Charles. Has my lord taken earnest of her favors? is she a wanton?

L. Janus. It does not become me to say what she is; 'tis an affair of honor, Sir Charles; you will interpret for yourself; you now see the reason why my lord declin'd a meeting with you; he cannot enter into explanations with

you; you cannot wish to enter into rivalry with him; you have a happy riddance, and no doubt will slip your cable and be off.

Sir Charles. Off! to be sure I will. — Wou'd to heaven he cou'd be off too!

L. Janus. Honor, Sir Charles honor.

Sir Charles. 'Sblood, man, what tell you me of honor? 'tis ruin, misery and inevitable disgrace.

L. Janus. I hope, Sir Charles, you will consider a poor servant and not betray me.

Sir Charles. Pr'ythee don't suspect me for a tattler, that is not my character: If I cou'd render him any service I wou'd, but that being impossible, step back to your lord, and tell him, that I leave him my good wishes, and am hurrying out of the country as fast as my horses can carry me.

L. Janus. I'll be sure to give him your very words. — Any further commands, Sir Charles?

Sir Charles. Stay! let me reflect.—If you have an opportunity of speaking privately to the lady — but no matter;—let that pass; deliver what I told you.

L. Janus. To a syllable——(Oh! you are a precious gull!) A good journey to your honor: I see your chaise is waiting.—I heartily wish your honor all health and happiness, and a pleasant tour.

Sir Charles. Enough, enough. Good bye to you.

L. Janus. I humbly take my leave.—A fair wind to your small cargo of wits! — Fortune, I acquit thee!

[*Exit.*]

Sir CHARLES alone.

How I have been deceiv'd in this young hypocrite; A more artless, innocent creature, I thought I had never seen. — The hussy! to throw out her allurements to me.—Poor Janus, how I pity thee! she would have made me believe, he was her aversion: the world, it must be own'd, corrupts some women; this woman is born for retaliation, and will corrupt the world.—But, as I live, here she comes!—Oh, thou deluding mischief! — how like an innocent she looks. — So, so, she pretends not to see me: pretty affectation!—now for a sham start, an engaging flut-

ter.—(During this latter part Eleanor enters, deep in thought.)

—Meditating, fair lady?

Eleanor. Ah! Sir Charles Freemantle?

Sir Charles. Marriage is a copious subject for reflection, especially in your case, where it promises so many delights.

Eleanor. So many! which are they?

Sir Charles. In the first place novelty, which you'll allow is a very delightful thing; in the next variety, more delightful still, pleasures in abundance, admirers without number, coquetry without bounds. —

Eleanor. Oh fie upon you! you give a worse picture of matrimony than Lord Janus himself did.

Sir Charles. How did he describe it to you? logically or experimentally?

Eleanor. I don't know what you mean by that.

Sir Charles. By words or by actions?

Eleanor. By both; but his words were so foolish, and his actions so impertinent, that he fairly put me out of conceit with it, and I am determin'd to have nothing more to say to him.

Sir Charles. You dismiss'd him upon proof —?

Eleanor. I did.

Sir Charles. Upon my word, young Madam, you have a most happy assurance. [Aside.]

Eleanor. By the same token I have a quarrel with you for giving him a character to me, which he in no one respect deserves: you told me, he was modest, sensible, polite, diffident to a fault. — I find him vain, ridiculous, ill-bred, and forward in the extreme.

Sir Charles. And, do you quarrel with him for such trifles?

Eleanor. Trifles do you call them? Sure, Sir Charles, you change your language with me.

Sir Charles. Ought I not to call them trifles, when in the first place I do not admit them to exist in my friend? in the next place, when I am convinc'd that, whether they exist or not, you are determin'd upon marrying him, and that immediately?

Eleanor. And, who has given you this convincing intelligence? Lord Janus himself?

Sir Charles. Come, come, be more ingenuous; you know it is so, you know it must be so.

Eleanor. My father, indeed, may say it must be so, but I did not expect to be told it by Sir Charles Freemantle.

Sir Charles. Put no more artifices, fair deceiver, upon Sir Charles Freemantle; he is quitting you this very moment, for, believe me, he does not aspire to be the rival of his friend, nor is he over-envious of any happiness that awaits him.

Eleanor. When you charge me with artifice, I am sure there has been some malice employ'd against me, and I make no doubt Lord Janus is the author of it; but when you retort upon me for those unguarded advances, which prove me only too void of artifice, I can reconcile your treatment of me neither to justice nor humanity.

Sir Charles. If I seem to deal unjustly, Madam, 'tis from the error I was in, when I thought you was the very child of nature, all simplicity and truth; when your danger awaken'd my sensibility, and your charms sunk deep into my heart; yet, even in that moment of my dotage, I had fortitude to withstand your allurements, when I found another in possession of your heart.

Eleanor. My heart! Lord Janus never had an interest in my heart.

Sir Charles. Well! perhaps not, let that pass—but do you mean he was never encourag'd to believe he had that interest?

Eleanor. I can truly assert it.

Sir Charles. What, never once in favor with you? not one kind moment, not one glorious golden opportunity?

Eleanor. Oh, Sir Charles, Sir Charles, what can have tempted you to this cruel, this ungenerous treatment of me?

Sir Charles. She weeps! Guilty, upon my honor?

[*Aside.*

Eleanor. How have I deserv'd it of you? Wou'd to heaven I had never seen you, tho' I had met my death instead!

[*She weeps.*

Captain GEORGE enters to them.*

George. How is this, Sir Charles Freemantle? I doubt you have broken faith with me: this is once more meeting than I bargain'd for.

Sir Charles. It is once more, Sir, than I wish'd for.

George. In tears, my Eleanor? what has afflicted you?

Eleanor. Nothing, 'tis no matter; let us return to the house.

George. I shall not leave this spot 'till I know the cause of your disorder: Have you receiv'd an insult?

Eleanor. None, but what (thank heaven) I have the spirit to despise. [Exit.]

George. Go home, my dear, I'll follow you—And now, Sir Charles, for you.

Sir Charles. Well, Sir, and what for me?

George. Correction, vengeance—if you have dar'd to insult the feelings of that lady.

(*handling his sword.*)

Sir Charles. I am arm'd, Sir; if you chose to give your sword an airing, please yourself; I shall obey your motions in mere complaisance to your humour, for really I don't know any cause of quarrel between you and me.

George. Well, Sir, I'm not for a man to quarrel without cause; I came hither understanding you was to have a meeting with Lord Janus, and I came not upon curious but friendly motives, to give testimony on your part, had occasion call'd for it; instead of which, I surprize you with my niece, I find her bath'd in tears, I hear her charge you with an insult: What am I to think of this?

Sir Charles. Upon my word, Sir, I can make no guess at your thoughts, I can only answer for my own.

George. And what are they?

Sir Charles. That's rather short let me observe; some thoughts I shall keep to myself; such as I can spare are at your service—for instance, I think your niece will be a very handsome bride, and my lord a very happy bridegroom.

George. Did she inform you that was to happen?

Sir Charles. I cannot say she did; it was her pleasure to deny it.

George. Then why do you presume to the contrary? Did Lord Janus assert he had her consent to marry him?

Sir Charles. I have not seen Lord Janus.

George. For shame! for shame! I blush to hear you so prevaricate: such meanness let me tell you, scarce deserves a gentleman's resentment.

Sir Charles. Meanness ! prevaricate ! what language is this ! I tell you once again I have not seen Lord Janus.

George. 'Tis false ! I know 'tis false.

Sir Charles. Intolerable insult ! Draw !

(*they draw.*)

[*Eleanor runs in between them.*]

Eleanor. For heaven's sake, hold your hands ! I'll die between your swords.

George. She faints — contain yourself : we'll find another time. [*supports Eleanor.*]

Sir Charles, What am I doing ? Her emotion staggers me.

OLIVER *enters.*

Oliver. Oh the mercy of mercies ! what's a going forward here ? Swords out ! Miss in a swoon ! the lud be good unto us all ! Murder and sudden death.

George. Hold your tongue, blockhead ! what do you come here for !

Oliver. I cou'd have told you, but you have scar'd it out of my head again : I come — (pray, Sir, put up your sword.) [*To Sir Charles.*]—I come—(dear Sir, put it up or I shall swoon too—) his worship bid me come to you.

George. She recovers ; look up, my dear, no mischief has happen'd.

Eleanor. Heaven be thank'd ! I am sure Sir Charles wou'd not have been so cruel to me, if Lord Janus had not provok'd him to it.

Oliver. Why, 'tis about Lord Janus I am come : He tells us he has driven you, Sir Charles, out of the country, but, under favor, I don't perceive you are far upon your way as yet.

George. There, Sir ! you said you had not seen Lord Janus.

Sir Charles. I say it again and again.

Oliver. Oh wonderful, what some folks will say ! but I beg pardon, pray don't draw your sword again ; 'tis only a small slip of your memory.

Sir Charles. I saw his servant, and no other person but his servant.

Oliver. Who, old Philibert ! lud-a-mercy, only to hear him—why the old baboon is dead drunk, and fast asleep

in bed. Under correction, your honor's memory is apt to trip.

Sir Charles. What ails the fool? 'twas Harry Singleton I spoke with.

Oliver. Which! that's a good one——Harry Singleton forsooth! where does he come from?

George. Stop! there are more mysteries in this than one: The person you saw, Sir Charles, I saw likewise—Harkye, Oliver, get you out of the way; go back to your master and say, I'm coming home with my niece: on your life I charge you, not to discover to a soul, that you have seen Sir Charles here; let not a word that has now pass'd come out of your lips.

Oliver. May I never put any thing into them again if I do. [Exit.]

George. I think you said your friend Lord Janus has a servant, call'd Harry Singleton.

Sir Charles. His valet de chambre; I know him well.

George. And he it was, who was with you just now.

Sir Charles. The very man; I told you so: Lord Janus sent him to me with a message.

George. Then Lord Janus carried his own message, aye and wears his own livery, for we know none other.

Eleanor. No, indeed; his lordship has no servant of that name with us.

Sir Charles. Oh heaven and earth, it flashes shame and conviction in my face! I have been the dupe of an Impostor, how can I ever atone for what I have said? Oh lovely innocent, I have offended past redemption.

George. Come, come, I do not think so desperately of your pardon; there seems a spark of kindness for you, still lurking in a certain heart, which is not quite made of marble.

Eleanor. I believe Sir Charles has made that discovery some time ago.

George. There, there, make the best use of your time for reconciling differences, whilst I step into the village for the proper officers to apprehend these Impostors; I don't doubt but I shall find you friends at my return, and then we will all jointly enjoy the luxury of this most fortunate discovery.

END of the FOURTH ACT.

G

ACT V.

SCENE, *The GROVE as before.**Sir CHARLES and ELEANOR meeting
Captain GEORGE.*

GEORGE.

WELL, my pretty Eleanor, how has your conference ended? Are you still inexorable? Must I set to again with this vile man, and put him to death before your face, or has he soften'd your hard heart into pity and complacency?

Eleanor. Can't you read his sentence in my eyes?

George. Oh terrible! it must be a very severe one.

Eleanor. 'Tis no slight one in good truth, for tho' I have not doom'd him to immediate death, I have consign'd him to perpetual imprisonment for life.

George. I admire your justice, if you had suffer'd such a criminal to escape out of your hands, I shou'd have been the first to condemn you for your weakness.

Eleanor. So far from that, I resolve to keep him close prisoner, very close I can assure you, with my good will he shall never be out of my sight for the rest of our days.

Sir Charles. Oh thou enchanting natural creature! with a heart so open, so transparent as thine, an hour's acquaintance is an age of experience; think me not so mere a trisler as to be the captive of a smile, a glance; beauty, if not animated by a soul like thine, has no allurements for me, thou art nature itself, and with nature I am safe, but the confidence thou art so ready to repose in me, shou'd have better ground to rest on, than it's own generosity alone: I shall demand a scrutiny before I will accept of my election.

Eleanor. A very proper compliment you pay to my sagacity, tho' I have shewn you I am capable of discovering the false character and sham pretensions of a counterfeit, you won't credit me for discerning the good and genuine qualities of a man of honor: How is this? I desire to know if truth is not as obvious in it's natural character as falsehood is a feign'd one?

George. Well said, my Eleanor, let him answer that if he can: I am witness you was never dup'd by this sham lord, your natural intuition saw more than our older experience cou'd discover; for my part, I did not like him, but I did not absolutely suspect him, and when Sir Charles spoke so highly of his merit, I confess I was fairly stagger'd.

Eleanor. So was not I as to my own judgment of Lord Janus; I own I was puzzled how to account for Sir Charles's.

Sir Charles. That must have appear'd egregiously absurd.—But, is it not time we proceeded to the detection of him?

George. With all my heart; my myrmidons are ready, and you must let me steal you into the house by a back-way, where I will keep you out of sight till I give the signal for your appearance; what punishment we shall or can inflict upon these rascals will be a future question; there will, at least, be some amusement in the discovery: You are not aware, perhaps, he has an accomplice with him, one Polycarp.

Eleanor. I have told Sir Charles of that, and been malicious enough to let him into the secret Atalantis of our family.

George. Ah my poor Dorothy! she has not given me a kind glance since that fellow came into the house; so long as she has been upon the cruize for a mate, I shou'd be sorry she shou'd strike to a pirate at last.—But come let us lose no more time.

Sir Charles. And has this time been lost, my charmer?

Eleanor. Not by me at least, if the life that you have sav'd, may, from this happy moment, be devoted to it's preserver.

George. Come, come, no more love-making, but follow me; I shall lead you thro' a blind and crooked path,

where nobody can discover you, but remember it is the path to happiness, and therefore follow boldly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes.*

An Apartment in Sir SOLOMON's House,

Lord JANUS enters alone.

Now then I am a man again, a man of my own making, a peer by my own patent, lord of my own ascendant; and who suffers by my good fortune? who sinks that I may swim? Not Sir Charles Freemantle, for him I have dispatch'd upon his travels, and 'twill be hard if he does not come home a wiser man than he set out; not grave Sir Solomon, for he is a fool of his own making; not even fair Eleanor herself, for I will make her a most loving husband; and why shou'd I alone be call'd an Impostor for a mere flaw in my title, when there are so many worse impostors about the world, who counterfeit love before marriage, and turn tyrants after it?

Sir SOLOMON to Lord JANUS.

Sir Sol. Well my good lord, what news do you give me of Sir Charles?

L. Janus. The best that can be: You have seen the last of him.

Sir Sol. Marry, let him go, and a good riddance say I: I guess'd how it wou'd be, when your lordship took him in hand; I thought he cou'd not have the face to stand his ground.

L. Janus. To do him justice, I had very little trouble in bringing him to a proper understanding of himself, as soon as I convinc'd him I was serious in my intentions to make your daughter Lady Janus.

Sir Sol. I believe he was inform'd of that by my brother George.

L. Janus. 'Tis very true, but he was pleas'd to say he wou'd take it upon nobody's word but my own; men of the world, Sir Solomon, are hard to believe that persons of high rank and nobility, will step out of their own line for an alliance, when there is so much beauty and attraction amongst their equals; but I have no such pride of nobility about me; my only ambition is to be happy, and I persuade myself, your amiable daughter is the very woman in the world to make me so.

Sir Sol. My lord, I am fully sensible of your great condescension in accepting of my humble alliance, and I hope, if you can overlook the little awkwardnesses and reluctances of an inexperience'd girl, like my Eleanor, you will find her mend upon acquaintance.

L. Janus. Doubt not, Sir Solomon, but I can make allowances for such trifling foibles as I have discover'd in Miss Eleanor; so far from being piqu'd at her seeming partiality for Sir Charles, I like her the better for it; it proves to me that her nature is susceptible of love, and, as I hope to render her greater services than he has perform'd, I don't doubt of meriting greater returns of love than he has receiv'd.

Sir Sol. Your lordship charms me with the generous candor of your noble sentiments. I do not say to you, that my daughter shall obey me, because I trust there will be no such repugnance on her part as may provoke me to compulsion; but be this as it may, at all events I beg you to conclude the thing as done; and now, my lord, permit me to address you as a member of my family, and tell you that there is an affair now in agitation, which gives me great alarm.

L. Janus. I guess the matter you allude to.

Sir Sol. I dare say your lordship does, and I hope you have that influence and authority over Mr. Polycarp as may prevent it: My cousin Dorothy is an old maid, and as that is a condition not of her own chusing, I am afraid there will be little difficulty in persuading her to change it: now, my lord, her fortune, which is no trifle, sleeps in my hands, and if she calls it out in haste, she will disable me

from paying down the full sum upon the nail, which I am pledg'd for to your lordship.

L. Janus. Depend upon it, Sir Solomon, I am as anxious to prevent this match as you can be, and I will take occasion to talk to Mr. Polycarp in a way, that shall make him desist.

Sir Sol. Pray, my lord, if the question be not an improper one, what is Mr. Polycarp's situation in life?

L. Janus. Mr. Polycarp's situation is dependant; I took him into my pay to relieve me from the drudgery of writing letters to agents, and auditing accounts with stewards; he understands law, and is no bad scholar, though something of the pedagogue, for to say the truth, he was awhile ago an usher in a country school; he is by no means of condition to aspire to Mrs. Dorothy.

Sir Sol. You have said enough, my lord, the country usher is enough, there's an end of Mr. Polycarp, there's not another old damsel in all England so proud of her family as cousin Dorothy: but apropos! here comes my gentleman, with your lordship's leave I will turn him over to you to prepare him for his dismissal. [Exit.]

POLYCARP to Lord JANUS.

Polyc. All joy to you, my noble? you return with flying colours from your expedition.

L. Janus. My good lad, we are at last in port—

We are the Jafons, we have won the fleece.

I have made a short step out of character, like many of my brother peers, to regale myself with the humours of the vulgar, and now step into it again, to laugh at those I have cajol'd by it.

Polyc. Then Caesar is himself again. — But what is become of Sir Charles?

L. Janus. Blown into the air upon the bladders of his own credulity; of all the fools, honesty ever made, he is best intitled to wear the cap, and he is now journeying like a caparison'd ass to the jingle of his own bells.—But how go you on with your Dorothy?

Polyc. A merry pace; if you are not very brisk we shall get the start of you.

L. Janus. Nay, Jack, if you start your old stager first, I shall never bring my young filley up to the post: you must positively give me the lead.

Polyc. I must you think: no, no, my master, a free course and no favor! stand to your own conditions; good faith is to be kept, tho' we deal in the dark.

L. Janus. Do you discredit my honor?

Polyc. By no means, I credit you for your honor to the full as much as I do for your title, but I had rather trust to your knavery than either, for knave to knave must be honest or adieu to the trade; therefore you will marry Eleanor when Eleanor is in the mind to marry, and I shall move off with Dorothy, when Dorothy will move off with me.

L. Janus. But hark ye, Jack, hear reason; when two projects are on foot together they may clash, and I must fairly tell you, you have given an alarm to the family already.

Polyc. To the family! you are very considerate of the family, are you not? Remember your own parting words just now, when you sneak'd away from detection like a coward from his colors, and left me to maintain a post you did not dare to stand in; then you was humble enough to ask protection under my shield.

L. Janus. Protection from you! Wretch, didn't I take you out of the gripe of poverty, from the very jaws of famine? a starving usher in a country school? promoted you to a share in this great enterprize, furnisht and equipt you for it like a gentleman?—And is your hunger now so ravenous as whet your teeth against your friend? are you so mere a shark as to eat shark? Shame upon you!

Sir SOLOMON enters to Lord JANUS.

Sir Sol. My lord, my lord, a word in your ear! I pray you step out for a few minutes, and leave the field to Dorothy; I have loaded her to the very muzzle, and she is opening such a battery of red hot pride and ridicule against the poor pedagogue, as shall beat his school about his ears in a twinkling; let us get out of their way.

L. Janus. With all my heart; so I am but reveng'd of that rascal I care not what happens; come along, Sir Solomon.

[*Exeunt with Sir Solomon.*]

POLYCARP.

Very well, Mr. Harry Singleton, I'll match you for this insolence; I'll be off with Dorothy this very night, tho' you and your fine prospect shall be blown into the air by it next morning. — Oh! happy fortune, here she comes. —

Mrs. DOROTHY enters.

My life, my soul! thus let me fly into your arms.

[Offers to embrace her.]

Mrs. Dor. Not so fast, friend, not so fast — keep your distance and I will talk to you.

Polyc. Why keep my distance, my charmer? are we not alone? are we not agreed? What have you now to fear from Solomon or his spies, that you shou'd act with this reserve?

Mrs. Dor. Mistake me not, I have no reserve from Sir Solomon; he and I have talk'd you over very pleasantly I can assure you.

Polyc. Talk'd me over very pleasantly! —

Mrs. Dor. Oh yes, I told him what a fine lover I had got o'the sudden; it's impossible you know not to boast of one's conquests; I have been hammering my brains to recollect the smart things you have been saying to me.

Polyc. Really! you have been hammering your brains, have you? very pleasant work truly! And did you hammer out all I have been saying to you?

Mrs. Dor. There were but few sayings worth recollecting; them I gave you credit for.

Polyc. And my doings — did you not recollect them too? I think, all things consider'd, Mrs. Dorothy, I deserve some credit for them.

Mrs. Dor. Humph! Impertinence.

Polyc. Well then take the credit of them to yourself.

Mrs. Dor. Pr'ythee don't be scurrilous; recollect yourself, a man of your sort shou'd be grave and solemn, and, to act in character, you shou'd set an example of wisdom and morality to youth.

Polyc. Socrates was wise, Madam, and moral too, yet he sometimes fool'd away an hour with the profligate *Aspasia*.

Mrs. Dor. The more shame for him! for *Socrates* as I take it was a schoolmaster: What wou'd he have said if one of his petty ushers had so behav'd?

Polyc. So, so! Sir Solomon talk'd that over with you too, did he?

Mrs. Dor. Just so, and wou'd have persuaded all your fine speeches were taken out of your school-boys copy books.

Polyc. Pleasant, very pleasant truly! I am to thank my Lord Janus for this retail specimen of his wit.

Mrs. Dor. To be sure you are; not but we cou'd have discover'd it by your air and manner; there is a good deal of the birch about you.

Mrs. Dor. To be sure Lord Janus made himself rather merry at your idea of making love; I don't say he has all the wit in the world, but you know his manner; he has infinite vivacity.

Polyc. I think he has infinite impudence at least.

Mrs. Dor. Come, come, you must not quarrel with your patron for a joke; people in your dependent station must put up with the raillery of their superiors.

Polyc. I shall elevate his lordship still higher before I've done with him.

Mrs. Dor. It is not in the nature of things you know to suppose a person of your sort cou'd have serious hopes of marrying me.

Polyc. That's true, I only thought of it at a distance, as a man thinks of hanging, when he takes a purse upon the road; the halter might be in my thoughts, tho' the noose was not round my neck.

Mrs. Dor. You deal in delicate allusions truly.

Polyc. And yet I had rather take the allusion than the lady at any time; a good tough rope, that ends all plagues at once, is better than a tough old woman, whose plague, there is no end to.

Mrs. Dor. Well, Sir, I shall recommend you to the alternative, and yet, to do you justice, you took due pains to obtain the lady and escape the rope.

Polyc. Yes, I might have perhaps put up with the old hen, if it had not been for her cackling.

Mrs. Dor. And yet 'tis no more than you have been pretty well wonted to; there are a great many tongues going in a school.

Polyc. Aye, but there is a joyful time in a school call'd breaking-up time; and had I seen my damsel in the way of breaking-up, I might have stood the tug in hopes of holidays hereafter.

Lord JANUS to them.

L. Janus. I hope I interrupt no business.

Polyc. No, my lord, you come very opportunely, for I had run out my stock of compliments, and got to the last copy in the book; and really this fair lady has been so kind in consequence of your flattering report of me, that love and vanity have nearly turn'd your poor pædagogues brain.

Mrs. Dor. Vanity I admit, but what do you mean by love?

Polyc. More than most men mean, who profess it—sincerity; for instance, when I said but now it was the blooming bride-maid, not the bride herself, I shou'd gaze upon with rapture, it was you I had in mine eye——

Mrs. Dor. 'Tis false; he said no such thing my lord.

Polyc. When I said I envied not my lord his happiness, sigh'd not for those scenes of splendor, those vast possessions, those fine castles that await him—in the air, it was because I thought of you, my angel!——

Mrs. Dor. I desire you will not think of me any more, nor speak of me.

Polyc. When I said you was the very idol of my soul, that your voice was harmony and your eyes heaven——

Mrs. Dor. Pr'ythee no more of this stuff.

Polyc. That your smiles were sunshine and your temper soft, serene, enlivening as the light which it diffuses, 'twas you, you only I was then describing

Mrs. Dor. Stop your saucy tongue. My Lord Janus, will you suffer me to be thus insulted in your presence?

Polyc. When I was pleasantly talking you over in this manner, and hammering my poor brains to recollect all the soft things you had said, all the kind things you had done——

L. Janus. Hold Mr. Polycarp, this goes too far—— Madam, I entreat you to retire.

Mrs. Dor. I will, my lord, and out of this house, if such insolence is not corrected. [Exit.

L. Janus. Hark ye, Sir!

Polyc. Well, Sir.

L. Janus. I don't like these jests.

L. Janus. No more does she, it seems.

L. Janus. Nor will I allow of them.

Polyc. Indeed!

L. Janus. You shall repent of this, Mr. Polycarp.

Polyc. You had best not put me upon that, Mr. Singleton, for fear I should repent of your company at same time, and consign you over to the executioner for your patent.

L. Janus. Is it come to this? do you threaten to impeach me, villain, informer? I'll tear your throat out first.

[*Seizes him they struggle.*]

Sir SOLOMON and OLIVER enter hastily.

Sir Sol. Heyday! what's here to do?

Oliver. Help, help, good Christian people! the little man will be murder'd by the great man.

L. Janus. Sir Solomon here! hush, hush, man! say no more; let go your hold; I'll bring you off.

[*Apart to Polycarp.*]

Captain GEORGE enters.

Oliver. Ah, noble Captain, I am glad you're come; for once in your life step out of your office, and keep the peace between these passionate gentlemen.

L. Janus. My good friend Oliver, did I look as if I was in a passion?

Oliver. Did you look as if you was in a passion? yes, no lord need be in a greater, and you spoke as if you was in a passion too—Only mind me Captain George—[*mimicks him*] Villain! Informer! do you threaten to impeach me? I'll tear your throat out first—That was it; there you have it to the life.

Sir. Sol. I am all astonishment. Those were the very words.

L. Janus. They were so; you are right as to the words; you are correct in the words, Sir Solomon, and your Parrot mimicks them pretty well.

Oliver. Don't I! Villain! Informer!—then I am to catch hold of Mr. Polycarp by the throat, is'nt it so, my lord? but if I had been in the little man's shoes, I cou'd have plac'd a blow where your lordship wou'dn't have lik'd it; you was open at the fifth button.

George. Hush, Oliver, be silent.

L. Janus. And so you both thought me in a real passion—you could not flatter me more. I believe, Captain, you did not come in time to see the rehearsal.

George. No, but I hope I am not too late for the conclusion.

L. Janus. Well, Polycarp, methinks we come pretty well off in our quarrelling scene this time; we shall get up this play with some eclat.

Polyc. If too many rehearsals don't spoil it.

Sir Sol. What the dickens! were you only acting a play all this while?

L. Janus. Only acting a play, Sir Solomon! What else is the whole beau monde employ'd about? I do but as the rest of my brother nobles: I am fitting up the great hall in Janus Castle for my theatre: there's an end of all old-fashion'd customs, instead of dinpers of five courses, we serve you up dramas of five acts; feast your ears, and fast your stomachs.

George. Confound the fellow! his ingenuity almost excuses his iniquity,

Oliver. Well to be sure if you call this a play, I have seen many a one in my time and never thought the actors in earnest before.

Sir Sol. Hold your tongue, firrah! but, my lord, a word or two about this play—I am pretty well vers'd in the poets, and don't remember any thing about tearing a gentleman's throat out on the stage.

Polyc. Pardon me, Sir Solomon, there is great tearing of throats on the stage; but you must know this piece is in manuscript; the authors modesty don't mean to publish.

George. If my lord is the author, I dare say he does not wish his name to be known.

Polyc. No truly, if his lordship comes into the world it will be under a feign'd title.

Mrs. DOROTHY enters.

George. So, cousin Dorothy, you come to late for the rehearsal; my lord and Mr. Polycarp have been performing in a very capital stile.

Mrs. Dor. What is it you mean? what has his lordship been performing?

George. O! such a scene of fire and fury—Poor Mr. Polycarp had like to have been strangled by the vehemence of his acting.

Mrs. Dor. What tell you me of acting? His lordship feels a proper indignation for the insults I have receiv'd.

Sir Sol. Pooh! child, 'twas only part of a play they were repeating.

Mrs. Dor. I understand his lordship's delicacy in giving it that turn, and I hold myself for ever bound to him for taking up my cause so warmly.

L. Janus. Really, Madam, you give me more credit than I deserve.

Polyc. Come, come, be silent upon that subject; you will but expose yourself.

Mrs. Dor. Now you have been properly chastised, I hope I shall be no more troubled with your impertinence: A paltry pædagogue indeed to talk in such a stile to a person of my sort—

Sir Sol. Why, who talks to a person of your sort? Can't you be persuaded that nobody thought about you?

Mrs. Dor. If nobody thought more about me than you or the doughty Captain there, I might have been subjected to any indignities in your house, but my Lord Janus has the spirit of a nobleman, and will not suffer a lady to be insulted with impunity.

Polyc. Well, Madam, I confess you have reason to be offended; I have certainly omitted some points of civility, which you had a right to expect, and so to set all matters strait, I'll leave the house this very moment.

George. Stay, Sir!—You have had your play, let us have our's; the performers are all ready, and only wait the prompter's signal; I'll touch the bell and let 'em enter.

Captain GEORGE rings a bell, and Sir Charles FREEMANTLE enters with ELEANOR and Constables.

I. Janus. My death-warrant by all that's terrible!

Sir Sol. Heyday! who are these?

George. Very capital performers some of them; these worthy fellows play the part of constables; the ladies were to have been married in the play to a pair of the most infamous sharpers in the kingdom, but they have escap'd out of their clutches; this gentleman, who is no better than a

lord's lacquey, plays the part of his master; this other gentleman, who is his brother in iniquity, has been seiz'd by the throat in the play, and by the throat will be seiz'd when it is over: the manager and director of the whole movement, to whom alone we are indebted for the happy turn of the plot, you behold in this worthy baronet, the benefactor, friend and preserver of us all.

Oliver. I hope, noble Captain, you will not forget to reserve a part for the hangman.

Sir Sol. Mercy of mercies, have I been dup'd, gull'd, bamboozled after all?

George. Egregiously my good brother.

Mrs. Dor. To be sure you have. Cou'd not you find out your Impostor as readily as I did mine?

Oliver. Perhaps his worship did not look so close as you did.

Polyc. Come, you are well off; hold your tongue and be thankful.

Sir Charles. Sir Solomon, I congratulate you on your escape. You have been harbouring a knavish lacquey under a counterfeit title of a noble lord.—Now, Mr. Harry Singleton, stand forth? What have you to say for yourself?

L. Janus. Very little, Sir Charles. I have certainly made free with his lordship's title; but I have endeavour'd to do it all the honor in my power,

Sir Charles. You do it honor, sirrah! how can that be!

L. Janus. By bestowing it on the most amiable young lady in the kingdom.

Sir Charles. Well, Sir, there is some ingenuity in your defence, but it would be an injury to mankind to let such a fellow loose upon the world; Sir Solomon, you are an acting magistrate, you will make out his commitment.

Sir Sol. I an acting magistrate, Sir Charles! I am an acting fool if you please; give him his dismissal, and send me to the house of correction in his room.

Oliver. If I might advise your worship, should turn him over to the jurymen in livery, and then he will be tried by his peers.

L. Janus. Oh Sir Charles Freemantle, I beseech you to take pity upon a poor young fellow, who has known

better days, and been corrupted by the evil habits of that fraternity, into which his hard fortune inlisted him; put me into any humble way of life, and I will be honest.

Polyc. Canting rascal? I always thought you wou'd die dunghill at the last.

George. Heyday, here's a sturdy spirit: 'tis a pity we have no pressgangs going: Cousin Dorothy, what shall we do with this fellow?

Mrs. Dor. Do with him! there's no doing any thing with him: let the law deal with him as he deserves.

Polyc. Mitigate my sentence I beseech you: save me from matrimony, and I submit to transportation.

Sir Sol. Well, my child, all joy to you: 'Tis the first match I have attempted to make for you, and it shall be the last: hereafter let your own inclinations be your guide.

George. I believe, Eleanor, I can pretty nearly guess which way they will lead you.

Eleanor. Ah, my dear uncle, you have a talent for discoveries.

Sir Charles. Sir Solomon, you have no impostor now to deal with; my character will meet the scrutiny. May I not aspire to claim what I have been so happy as to save?

Sir Sol. With all my heart, and my blessing to boot; I know of you well, Sir Charles, and shall be proud of your alliance. Now, let us have a general gaol delivery, and since his mock lordship has fairly brought his drama to it's catastrophe, let us drop our curtain, and humbly hope for the plaudit of your hands.

F I N I S.

E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by Mrs. JORDAN.

CUNNING Projectors may pretend to find
A scheme for sailing ships against the wind
But never poet yet could start a scheme
For navigating plays against the stream:
Oh heavens! no sooner does your angry gale
Hiss in his teeth, than back goes ev'ry sail,
Furious he drives — Ah, dreadful situation!
Stern foremost down the RAPIDS of damnation.
Yet here and there a sturdy wit has try'd
To pull and tug and strive against the tide,
But what is one poor puff of his own making,
When all around him the wild waves are breaking?
Plung'd in the gulph, like Ceyx, still he raves,
Murmuring his own applause beneath the waves.

Magnetic quacks can stare you into fits,
No muscle stirs for our magnetic wits:
Stomachs there are that can digest a stone,
Your's will not gulp a little nonsense down
Now this is hard, for till your tastes agree,
How can we know what comedy shou'd be?
"Reform," Sir Courtly cries, "reform your stage!
"Polish your mirror that reflects the age,
"Copy from France, give your Apollo grace,
"And with pearl powder deck your Muse's face!"
"Oh, rot your delicacy! — Give me fun,"

Sir Balaam Blubber cries, "My DREARY DUN
"Against your Pegasus nine nights to three;
"That is your only galloper for me:
"John Bull's my man, I love his honest roar,
"I come to laugh, or I come here no more."

Not so Miss Biddy — she is all for feeling,
For sentiment, for sighing, sobbing, kneeling;
Rope-ladders she admires and closet scenes,
Escapes, surprises, huddlings behind screens,
And ever when two meanings mask the jest,
Miss Biddy's purity picks out the best.

Stand by, make way! Lady Bell Blossom's places!
Slap goes the door and round go all your faces;
In comes her ladyship with vacant stare.
Smiles heav'n knows why, and curtsies heav'n knows where.
Ask now what says my lady to the matter,
What does she like? — Her own incessant chatter.

For me, tho' poets various arts employ
To make me wife, maid, widow, man and boy,
Yet all this while there's but one thing in nature
I truly aim to be — Your faithful creature:
Here I'm at home; this is my natural part,
This character flows freely from my heart,